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and journeyed on to Liverpool in the station (not station house) I am at present sitting waiting for the Liverpool train. I made several friends on the train - one of whom presented me with flowers - and therefore gave me lots of information about the country side and thoroughly directions about Liverpool. A man in the Compartment heard me talking and he asked me what part of Pennsylvania I came from and it appears he lived to be in Pittston, knows Mr George Monier. His name is Holmes and he lives in Boston. He was on a sad errand today, hurrying to Bishops Castle in answer to a telegram from his wife telling of the hopeless illness of little girl. They are all here for the summer and he had had many a heart-ache since leaving London. Seemed good to hear names of some places and people.

Monday Aug. 16 - Reached Shrewsbury this a.m. at 5:14. Have spent the entire day looking up the old home of Grandmother. Have had endless funny experiences but I cannot believe that Grandmother ever lived here it is so dark & queer. Visited the Burns Home, Monument, Mausoleum and St Michaels Church.

I seemed to cause quite a commotion in the vicinity of Noble Hall. You see I kept enquiring for real old people thinking I might find some one old enough to remember where the Locke family was and when an old lady or an old man had listened to my tale and knew I wanted to see the spot that had been my grandmothers and great-grandmothers home they gave me their undivided attention and thereupon asked me to have a cup of tea.

My walking gave them the idea that I was "dead broke" which was no far from the truth and they strained their memories and stretched their imaginations as far as the law allowed. I was passed from one to another and on to the "next likliest" I until finally several memories recalled very nearly the exact spot and so I decided one spot and went and viewed it